

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

This Paper is Devoted Especially to the Interests of the Farming Class.

VOL. 12, NO. 1.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'rs Co. Ct. { C. E. Beard.
G. M. Kee.
Amos Barlow.
Geo. Baxter
Geo. P. Moore.

Co. Surveyor, A. C. L. Gatewood.
Coroner, Chas Cook, Edray—W H Grose
Justices: A C L Gatewood, Split
Rock—Chas Cook, Edray—W H Grose
Huntersville—Jno R Taylor, Dunmore
—G R Curry, Academy—Thos Bruffy,
Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, West Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court

W. ARBUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year. The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. J. M. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
has located at
FROST, W. VA.
Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
And Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR
Marlinton, Friday, July 27, 1894.

The Aims of Modern Anarchy

The assassination of President Carnot and the prevailing troubles have awakened interest in the question, What is it the anarchists wish to accomplish? The acknowledged author of anarchism is Pierre J. Proudhon, a French writer, but its main apostle is Michael Bakunin, connected by birth with the highest Russian aristocracy. As an agitator his activity has been most remarkable. The International Socialism now so rampant and influential in Spain and Italy has been largely moulded by Bakunin's teachings, who died at Berne in 1876. He taught revolutionary socialism, based on materialism, which means, it is all of life to live and all of death to die, and he aimed at the destruction of external authority by every available means.

What Proudhon and Bakunin contemplate is a condition of human enlightenment and self-control, in which the individual shall be a law to himself, and in which all external authority shall be abolished as a despotic interference with personal freedom.

Now it is interesting to notice that this is just the ideal to which the highest religion and philosophy look forward to as the final state of man. Such religion and philosophy, however, do not teach that such a state of enlightenment can be reached at once through the wholesale destruction of the present framework of society, but through a long process of ethical and social improvement, line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as the human masses can receive and practice the principles of such a religious philosophy, applied to human government.

The fatal and troublesome mistake of the true, sincere anarchists, is their impatient and passionate efforts to force the proclamation and adoption of absolute freedom in the present unqualified condition of the great mass of the people in every class and condition. Owing to this zeal without knowledge, these heralds of peace bring the sword instead of the olive branch. Destruction and misery are in their ways.

Back Alleghany.

Back Alleghany is a high, formidable looking mountain which branches off from the Alleghany at the head of the Greenbrier River, and fences up the whole inhabited part of upper Pocahontas on its western boundary. Back Alleghany is the name given to a large area of prosperous farming communities situated upon the table land between the river and the foot of the mountain. It is quite wonderful how little is known about this part of Green Bank district, throughout the county generally.

The impression rests with most persons that Green Bank, like Huntersville, is situated most entirely on the eastern side of the county, and it is with some surprise that the citizen who has rested under this impression, discovers this large and populous section on the west side of the county. The land looks rich and the farms all seem to be productive. Everyone there has a comfortable looking home.—This is the region that was so ferri- bly scourged with the diphtheria last year, and the common burying ground shows many new-looking graves, evidence of the fatality of the disease.

The Huntersville Jail.

It was the writers pleasure, recently, to spend an hour in the Huntersville jail, being locked in with a client, who was spending some time there, owing to the lack of funds to pay a fine of \$40. This sort of imprisonment for money due the State, is exactly the same as the old imprisonment for debt, except that the creditor feeds the prisoner in these latter days. It is right hard on the man who objects to being in jail, as one learned judge declared that such a prisoner could stay in jail until he rotted, or paid up, if the States Attorney so willed. To return to our subject though, this county jail is one of the strongest and most secure of any jail in the State, but is very objectionable on account of its lack of hygienic appurtenances. The cells are small, lighted and ventilated only by one small window which is set in a thick wall. The place smells horribly on this account.—The province of this article is not to condemn the jail, as all the faults we find in it, as long as we are on the outside, could be remedied at a little cost.

Our inmate spoke in high terms of his treatment and of the meals served from the Huntersville hotel. Mr. James H. Doyle has the care of the jail, and his kindness to the prisoners, running greatly to tobacco, by the way, is greatly appreciated.

A great many inscriptions are on the cell wall memoranda, gems of poetry, etc. Among them, the following are mentioned here:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where pleasures never fail,
There is a heaven for black and white,
But hell's in this old jail."

"Remembrance is the tie that binds
True hearts in any weather,
But if Jim Doyle don't find us bread,
"We will all starve together."

"In God we trust."
"I staid in jail seven months for nothing, and I got durned tired off it and dont you forget."

Hon. J. D. Alderson.

Mr. Alderson never has any half-way friends. His men work for him wherever they are, and with whatever odds there may be against them. All through the district come reports of his success. He has solid delegations from McDowell, Webster, Clay and Nicholas.—Two-thirds of Pocahontas and Fayette. Three fourths of Summers.—About one half of Wyoming, and more than one half of Monroe. Logan county is for him, except that part instructed for Bagland, and he will have the whole vote of that county if Bagland withdraws. Here are the first ten counties heard from as to the race at this stage of the campaign and Mr. Alderson overwhelmingly in the lead. These ten of the sixteen counties in the district declare for our able representative's nomination. This shows the people's choice. There can be no grander vindication of his late course as a representative than such a triumphant nomination. His policy has been criticised by here and there a chronic dissenter, but when J. D. Alderson is tried before the people of the district under the most righteous mandate ever issued by a committee of a political party, he is cleared of every charge put upon him by disgruntled local politicians.

The Convention to meet in Hinton, will not be a body of men met who can cast their votes as moved at the moment, but will simply be a body of respectable and intelligent citizens gathered together to nominate the man whom the Democrats of every town, city, village and countryside have chosen through county meetings.

A Changed Man.

BEFORE.

BLOODY NUISANCE was a heathen,
He a shallow colored savage,
In his wild and wooly country
He was just a holy terror.
Carried he a big revolver;
Swore he in the choicest language;
Drank he every sort of liquor,
Rider of ferocious chargers;
Disturber of religious meetings;
Smoker of the cigarette, too:
When he dyed his fierce mustaches,
G eased his hair, and put his spurs on,
Galloped to some basket meeting,
Where he was an illustration
Of the preacher's talk on sinners,
Then was he the dearest idol,
And the darling of the fair sex.
How the girls all mashed upon him!
While the old folks kicked like thunder.
YELLOW RIBBONS was a damsel
Very pert and a lot smarter
Than they made the boys in those days;
She was slim and very quiet,
Pretty as a speckled pullet,
Wide-awake, her wits about her,
She set her cap for BLOODY NUISANCE.
And he got very badly smitten,
He got worse and more outrageous,
Got indicted by the jury,
Progressed much iniquitously,
Till he thought he was perfection,
Then proposed and was accepted.

AND AFTER.

Down a narrow, lonely valley,
Live the couple and their offspring,
He, the one time holy terror,
Dwells in peace and hoes the hillside,
He obeys his worthy helpmate,
YELLOW RIBBONS wears the breeches,
BLOODY NUISANCE is a gentle,
Meek and lowly fellow voter. 7-27-11.

A Substitute for Swearing.

When I was a small boy a tract was given to me which began, "Are you a swearer?" As a matter of fact I was not—then. I remember being very much impressed by the story told in the tract about the amount of good another small boy had done in reforming hardened swearers. When he heard a man swear he went up to him with pleading eyes and said, "Dear sir, why do you not say 'pothooks and hangers'?" Something in the mild upturned face of the child appealed to the swearer (some times he burst into tears and thought of his own innocent childhood), and he reformed right away; or, if he happened to be more than usually hardened, and could not break off suddenly without danger to his health, he switched off on "pothooks and hangers," and gradually from that into a swearless life. I take it that pothooks and hangers refer to implements used where cooking is done at an open fire, and to my then immature mind the words seemed an admirable substitute for the more objectionable phrases used by an angry man. I tried the advice (the tract requested us all to try it and do what little good we could), on the most talented swearer in our village. He looked for one moment at my childish upturned face, but apparently saw nothing there but cheek, for he used his boot with energy and dispatch, resulting in my going out of the door and the reforming business at one and the same time.—Thus do we all find real life differ from that depicted in books.

I learn with regret that many great men have been known to swear. This is a deplorable state of things, if true. It is said that when the late Duke of Wellington received his morning mail he was in the habit of marking on some of the communications the three letters "E. B. D." His secretary in some roundabout way had come to understand that the letters meant "He be d—." Now, it is not etiquette in official circles to use this expression in an epistle, even when a dash takes the place of the final letters of the last word. In our search for a substitute for swearing it is therefore interesting to know how the secretary translated the terse phrase into lawful English.—His reply took this form:

Sir, Field Marshall.—The Duke of Wellington has given your communication his most earnest consideration, and begs leave to express his regret that it is impossible to comply with your request.

Those who have made a study of our alphabet are aware of the regrettable fact that there are something like thirty sounds, more or less in the English language, and only twenty-six letters to express them, while several of this inadequate number are merely duplicates of other combinations, as, for instance, "x," which can be signified by "eks." In a perfect language there would be no need of objectionable profane phrases. There would be certain arrangements of words which, when accurately set in order, either vocally or with the pen, would be a perfect equivalent for any emotion a man was capable of feeling. This, unfortunately, is not the case with the English language, and herein arises a grave injustice to the excitable man. He finds himself suddenly surrounded by an array of circumstances—let us not be too academic, say he hits his thumb with a hammer—and he at once realises that he has sprung with a bound beyond the limit of his language, and that he must use a set of apparently irrelevant phrases, or allow his feelings to go unchronicled. A policeman happens along—he always does when he's not wanted—and hales this unfortunate man off to gaol for swearing. A moment's reflection will show how unjust all this is. The man when he comes into this world, finds the language waiting for him. He learns it with much difficulty, and then, when it fails him, the country, which is responsible for the lad's language, arrests and fines him for doing the best he can when he reaches a state of emotion with which the language cannot cope. I think the angry man has good cause of complaint against the land of his birth. The country, to be logical, should either take the law against swearing off the statute books, or should improve the language so that swearing would be no longer necessary.

Of course there is little use in theorizing about swearing unless one can offer a suitable and acceptable substitute. That I am happily in a position to do. The North American Indian never swears.—Let us then study the habits of the Red Indian, and learn wisdom. We so-called civilized people rarely realize that we have much to learn from the simple, taciturn savage.—In none of the languages of the Red Indian are there any equivalents for our justly celebrated and widely-known expletives and maledictions. When a discussion in which an Indian takes part reaches the point where the white man begins to swear, the untutored savage, with a graceful motion, raises his right arm and flings his tomahawk. He can throw it with the utmost accuracy, and the effect is immediate and conclusive. It ends a heated controversy with a neatness and dispatch that is admirable. Where a white man in three terse words commands an adversary to betake himself to the nether world (there never was a case on record where the adversary went), the simple and unpolished Indian quietly sends him there with no unnecessary verbiage about it. This shows the utility of talk and the finality of action. I therefore beg leave to move that the tomahawk be introduced into this country, and the abnoxious and ineffective habit of swearing be abandoned.—
The Idler.